

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

Is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

Correspondence and business letters should be addressed to

THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF DEER LODGE COUNTY.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1892.

THREE OF THEM

We have in mind this morning three well-known men to whom the STANDARD rarely has occasion to make reference.

There is Mr. J. B. Higgins. It is said that he is clever. How unaccountably slow he is to learn that his proper course is to let the *Miner* run the works.

Then there is Mr. Marcus Daly. We are told that he dares to keep right on living. And that, within a week, he has been seen to walk Main street in Butte unattended and in broad daylight. How can the man be so reckless?

And then there is Mr. W. A. Clark. They say that he is homeward bound from Paris. *Saccharin*, but how his revised French will bump along the boulevard in Butte when he reads the back numbers of his newspaper!

NOTHING IN IT.

One of the Washington dispatches infers that a vote taken yesterday in the senate in the nature of a test of sentiment in that body on the free-coinage question. Senator Kyle moved to strike out of the funding bill the clause requiring the payment of interest in gold and to insert a provision that interest be paid in lawful money of the United States. The motion prevailed by a vote of 28 to 21.

We do not believe that the vote amounts to as much as even an indirect test. We presume that some of the senators who voted in favor of the Kyle amendment were satisfied that the amendment itself would be construed, were a test to be made, as a provision for the payment of interest in gold. They were satisfied to let the amendment stand as long as it did not clearly stipulate that interest may be paid in silver.

Probably, if a test were taken, it would be found that free coinage cannot carry the senate. That is clearly the opinion which Senator Wolcott and other friends of free coinage have reached. It was at one time the belief of these gentlemen that silver could count on a safe majority in both houses. In his speech of a fortnight ago Mr. Wolcott said that, if the two houses could have been polled in December, directly after the meeting of congress, silver would have had a majority of 50 in the lower house and of 12 in the senate.

But the situation changed under the pressure which Wall street was able to bring. The cause is lost, as far as a vote in the senate at this session is concerned and the friends of free coinage know it. The comfort to be gotten out of the vote on the Kyle amendment is therefore too cold to be of account.

MORE OKLAHOMA.

At noon yesterday three million five hundred thousand acres of land adjoining the eleven hundred thousand acres comprising the present territory of Oklahoma, and to be included in it, were thrown open for settlement. More than the ordinary number of boomers and speculators were on hand, and the exciting scenes usually incident to such occasions followed the signal to enter. Glowing descriptions of the beauty and fertility of this land have appeared frequently of late, and the hordes of settlers waiting on the border were wrought up to the highest pitch of hope and anticipation; but it appears from the dispatches that numbers of them are disappointed and disgusted already. The quantity of really good land available for farm purposes was limited, and although there is room for twenty-two thousand homesteaders, each with his one hundred and sixty acres, it is doubtful whether half that number can be accommodated with possessions reasonably satisfactory.

Everybody remembers how the original Oklahoma was cracked up to be the original garden of the gods, a modern paradise flowing with milk and honey at every pore; but everybody now knows that instead of finding in Oklahoma a fertile, well-watered soil the immigrants soon discovered that the greater part of it was dry and arid, a perfect wilderness with scant facilities for irrigation, and therefore incapable of supporting the weary, discouraged and to a large extent poverty-stricken people who had rushed thither from all parts of the country. It is quite possible that the settlers in the territory thrown open yesterday may be subjected to the same deprivations and the same disappointments; yet in the human race so sharp is the hunger for land, so irresistible the impulse to grasp every opportunity to get something for nothing, that scenes like those enacted in the Indian Territory yesterday, and like those witnessed at the opening of the Sisseton reservation in North Dakota last week, will always and invariably be repeated whenever a like occasion arises.

An interesting feature of yesterday's opening was the fact that the

original possessors of the land came in for their pick of homesteads along with the whites. By the terms of the cession, the allied tribes of Arapahoes and Cheyennes, in addition to receiving a money payment, held the right to select tracts of land of one hundred and sixty acres each before the boomers came in, and to hold these tracts in severalty as citizens of the United States, subject to the same rights and privileges as other citizens and amenable to the same laws. This is an experiment which many who have given the subject much study and thought confidently believe will offer a satisfactory solution to the Indian problem. In the course of time probably all the Indian reservations remaining will be broken up upon much the same conditions; and if the Indians cannot possibly adapt themselves to lives of domesticity, the Indian problem will be solved all the same—by their extinction.

IT WILL HARDLY WORK.

It doesn't interest the STANDARD to inquire what sort of a rate the Butte City Water Company gets on the pipe which it is accused of having bought; we admire any man who can drive a good bargain with the transportation monopolies. At the same time, we shall be surprised if the company finds it possible to use the name of the city of Butte in connection with any shipments.

The interstate commerce law permits the granting of special rates to cities engaged in any undertaking like the building of a water plant—this is in the nature of a concession to the taxpayer. But Butte is not engaged in the water business, and the people of the city have no interest whatever in the relative cost of the water company's plant.

It seems absurd to assume that Butte can lend the use of its name to any private corporation as a blind. The facts in the case have been made so notorious that we presume no railroad company could undertake now to evade the law by permitting the name of the city to be used in behalf of a private corporation. If the proposed plan can be carried out, any large shipper in Butte might with equal propriety ask to have his freight sent in the name of the city of Butte, so as to get the advantage of a special rate.

We don't wish to throw a straw in the way of low rates for any shipper in Butte, yet the lending of the city's name, as has been proposed, is of more than doubtful propriety, and the reasonable assumption is that the final authority in the matter of special rates will spoil the plan.

WHERE IS THE FAULT?

Canadians are much concerned these times over the downfall of young Gordon Brown. He is the son of Hon. Gordon Brown the famous Canadian journalist and a nephew of the late Hon. George Brown, a man revered by Canadians as one of the greatest heroes of the dominion. Young Brown was one of the most prosperous business men at Toronto. He did an enormous brokerage and commission business, and had extensive connections in all parts of the dominion. He lived a double life for several years and the other day he suddenly left Toronto leaving behind several thousand dollars of forged paper. The Canadian newspapers universally regret the young scamp's downfall; they say it's a pity that the name of so excellent a family as the Browns should be tarnished by the actions of so conscienceless a scoundrel as young Arthur. And indeed it is a great pity. The newspapers that credit the fellow's fall to fast living possibly put it right; but in this can be found no excuse for his conduct. Had he been made of the right stuff he would not have fallen a victim to temptation. He was morally weak.

There is no more important part of moral education than that of imparting clear ideas of right which shall serve as a guide to conduct under all circumstances. Many persons have very hazy and confused ideas about what is right with the result that they are liable to go wrong at any moment. They are incapable, like Arthur Brown, of properly discharging a trust. That which they have in their possession they consider their own. They cannot discriminate in their own minds the difference between owning a thing absolutely and holding it in trust for someone else. To this, possibly, may be attributed many cases of embezzlement by men who would not actually take as a thief money or goods in the possession of other people. The excuses made by embezzlers show that they are in this confused state of mind. They generally protest that they had no intention to do wrong; they are prone to consider themselves the victims of circumstances and contend that if they had been given more time they would have done the square thing. It's the failure of such men as Arthur Brown, Fred Grant, Ed Field and other worthless sons of distinguished and honored sires that leads up to the growing suspicion that after all in this age there is much at fault in our modern system of education.

THE FRANCO-DAHOMAYAN WAR.

The world can hardly be called at peace or anywhere near it until the difficulties between France and Dahomey are adjusted; and there seems to be no possibility of their adjustment without an expenditure of three or four gallons of gore. The King of Dahomey, the most bloodthirsty of all African potentates, has seized twenty Europeans, including several nuns, and proposed to proclaim a holiday and, among other festivities, entertain his subjects with the decapitation of the captives unless the French abandon

certain of their designs upon his kingdom and evacuate its vicinity forthwith. The trouble arises over the presence of a French army in Porto Novo, an independent state, between which and Dahomey has always existed an uncompromising spirit of hostility. France, it seems, has set up a protectorate in Porto Novo. The King of Dahomey has given notice that protectorates don't go in his neighborhood and asks for a renewal of the old modus vivendi, failing to obtain which he will string the heads of his twenty hostages on a pole and march forth to exterminate the French army and obliterate Porto Novo from African geography.

The king tried it on with the French about two years ago with results far from satisfactory to his royal majesty. It will be remembered that he put his famous corps of amazons in the van of his army, calculating that Frenchmen, famous as they are the world over for their politeness and refinement, particularly as respects their intercourse with the gentler sex, could not possibly be so discourteous and ill-mannered as to open fire upon an assemblage of ladies. But it seems that when the French drew near enough to discern the visages of the amazons, and were compelled by what they saw venomously to enlarge their conceptions of the possibilities of female ugliness, they fought with the fury and desperation of madmen, cleaning out the king's army, amazons and all, in the space of three hours. If the French had followed up their success they would not now have their work to do over again. But they took pity upon the fleeing girls, they were acutely anxious to avoid coming into close quarters with such an enemy, and so they desisted from pursuit, thereby encouraging the king in the belief that their moderation was the result of fear; and he has now mounted his high horse, from which he refuses to dismount upon any consideration short of absolute compliance with his wishes. It is to be hoped that at the next battle the French will press their advantage to the point of attending his royal majesty's obsequies.

INVENTION OF AN ALPHABET.

How Sequoyah Tried to Prove the Indian Equal to the White Man.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful achievements of modern times is that of "the Indian Cadmus," Sequoyah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet and written language. As the first alphabet and so the fountain of all languages is supposed to have originated with Cadmus the Phoenician, so the first human alphabet and the source of written language and literature among the red men of America is traced with absolute certainty to this famous Cherokee Sequoyah. Although scarcely half a century has elapsed since his death, a mist of uncertainty already surrounds his birth and life. But somewhere very near the beginning of this century this remarkable personage was born in the Cherokee nation and educated in the fountain of all languages known any other than the Cherokee language, which, until he began to record it, was like the other Indian dialects—purely oral.

Sequoyah's grandfather is said to have been a white man, but there was no evidence of it in the personal appearance of the grandsire.

The story goes that at a council of Cherokee chiefs in their town of Sauntia, an old reservation east of the Mississippi, there was a debate on the comparative strength and future of the red and white men. The strongest argument advanced in favor of the white man was his ability to use the "writing leaf" and so send messages to a distance. Sequoyah listened quietly and then burst out as if by an inspiration:

"You are all fools! The thing is easy! I can do it myself."

Thereupon he is said to have picked up a flat stone and with a charred twig from the council fire to have made certain marks upon it, each of which, he told his fellows, represented a certain word; he also told them that to-morrow or a month from then he would tell them these words without hesitation as soon as he saw the characters on the stone.

From this beginning Sequoyah conceived and perfected the Cherokee alphabet, utilizing the cries of wild beasts, the call of the mocking bird, the shrill exclamations of children, the softest tones of the squaws and the notes of the round organ of the adult brave for his vocal sounds. When he thought he had gathered all the different sounds, he attached to each a pictorial sign or image—birds and beasts and inanimate objects all furnishing him these signs.

And so the Cherokee alphabet was finished, the vocal sounds were reduced to writing, and in an incredibly short time the entire Cherokee nation learned and used it.

There are 85 characters in Sequoyah's alphabet, and by appropriation from the Cherokee legislature a newspaper called the *Advocate* is now printed and circulated in that language.

Electric Locomotives Not Yet in Sight.

The prospect of moving ordinary trains by electricity is about as good now as prospect of lighting cities with electricity were before the discovery that electricity could be generated by a dynamo-electric machine. Previous to the introduction of the dynamo it was well known that electric lights could be made with powerful batteries, but the zinc and copper that constituted the fuel of the battery were too expensive to make electric lighting anything more than a curiosity. The dynamo effected a revolution by cheapening electricity. If another improvement equally radical should be made over the present methods of generating electricity, it would open the way for electricity to be used more cheaply by operating railroad trains more cheaply by electricity than by locomotives. The radical improvement looked for is the direct generation of electricity from the energy of coal. So long as coal has to be burned in a furnace to make steam for an engine to drive dynamo for the generation of the electricity used, there is no probability of electric transmission being cheaper than hauling by locomotives.

For everything in the music line call on or address The Sherman Music company, 227 North Main street, Butte.

A PENNSYLVANIA PRODUCT.

How a Native of That State Has Contributed to Ohio's Growth.

From the New York Evening Sun.
The population of Ohio from the census of 1850 was about 3,316,000. In 1870 it was 2,965,200; in 1880, 1,519,467; in 1890, 45,315. At that time it ranked the eighteenth state in the union. In 1890 it was the third in population. Various causes have been cited to account for the growth and rank that Ohio so easily achieved among the states. None of these has taken into consideration Mrs. Annie Roush, Mrs. Roush, who lived on the banks of the Ohio river at a little town called Letart, has just died at the age of 103 years. At her death she left 135 grandchildren, 599 great-grandchildren and 2,009 descendants, one of whom is a great-great-grandchild named Nannie, and now 5 years old.

Mrs. Roush was born at Morgantown, Pa., in 1787. Her father was David Sayre. He emigrated to Virginia in 1801, and finally removed to Ohio where the town of Letart now stands. There in 1802 Annie married Henry Roush. She herself had 13 children, and each of these had children never over a dozen and a half in number and never under a dozen. Their children each bore strictly by the dozen, and the children of these children, that is to say the third generation, restricted the number to a half dozen each. The fourth generation has adhered to this as a suitable number. Little 5-year-old Nannie is the daughter of one of these, David Hazlett by name.

No recognition of Mrs. Roush's services to the state were ever made. She remained a humble, respected citizen during her long, unbroken career as a wife and mother and in her various degrees of grandmother to a not insignificant portion of the state.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll stepped on the Astor house scales the other day and tipped the beam at exactly 231 pounds.

Ex-Secretary William C. Whitney started on a six-weeks' trip to Europe recently. He goes to visit a daughter who has been away two years.

Cardinal Rampollo, papal secretary of state, is sick and confined to his bed. The physicians who are attending him do not consider that his condition is serious.

Emperor William has signified his approval of Princess Frederick Charles assuming the patronage of the German female department of the Chicago Columbian exhibition.

It has been decided to have Dr. Pierson remain at the Metropolitan tabernacle, in London, Spurgeon's church, for five years, at an annual salary of \$6,000. Dr. Pierson expects to visit America this summer.

The statement that Henry George had made preparations to provide a comfortable home in Philadelphia for Mrs. George (widow of the spiritist) who left his fortune for the distribution of George's books, appears to be without foundation.

Joseph Frothingham of Exeter, N. H., 1 30 years old and relates that he was at church at Salem, Mass., on the Sunday when the United States ship *Old Ironsides* was chased into Marblehead bay by three British frigates.

Senator Butler has decided to convert his plantation into a truck farm, for he believes that the over-production of cotton in the South is responsible for much of the poverty existing there among the small planters.

Leroy Payne of Chicago knows that it is better to be born lucky than rich. Eleven years ago he bought a lot of ground on Michigan avenue for 30 years at a yearly rental of \$2,500. Some time ago he sold his lease for \$400,000.

THE JUDGE'S BEST JOKES.

Mrs. Kingley—Your husband seems to be very anxious to go over to Ireland.

Mrs. Kingley—Yes, and I don't understand why.

Mrs. Kingley—Perhaps it is because there are no snakes there.

Judge Mosby—Say, Colonel, what d'ye ask for the mill?

Colonel Jagers—Five hundred dollars, judge.

Judge Mosby—Great good! what would a man want with a mill with all that money?

She—I am so afraid of my newspaper men.

He—Why; are we so bad?

She—No; but there is no telling when you are going to press.

An Easter lily by the chimney stair.

Fair, golden-throated, bent with fragrance sweet.

Like to an unstained soul the petals pale.

Purest of blossoms for the altar meet.

A little child that knelt beside my knee

Whispering a baby prayer at Easter time

A year ago no longer here by me

Though lilies bloom and Easter church-bells chime.

Although you may be short of pelf

It's safe to bet upon it.

Even though you have to sell yourself.

Your wife will have that bonnet.

Mr. Standardo—Is it my daughter you want, or is it her money?

Tobias Howens (amateur champion, one hundred yards)—Mr. Standardo, you surprise me. You know very well that I'm an amateur athlete.

Mr. Standardo—What's that got to do with it?

Tobias Howens—A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money.

THE POSTOFFICE PEN.

There's an off-and-on invention

That occasions much discussion

While playing its important part in the busy

hurry of men.

And surely you must have tried it.

Grumbled at and vilified it.

'Tis the really sick-exasperating postoffice pen.

It is really sick-controlled.

And, with dust and dirt is loaded.

But at times will write smoothly for a half a minute; then

It will take a sudden notion

To induce an explosion.

And scatter ink about it, will the postoffice pen.

Scores of men have wildly talked it

In the bottle, then have stabbed it

Through the blotter and have let it fall point down, time and again;

Lauding any words have spoken

Just because they found it broken.

When they wished to do some writing with the postoffice pen.

'T would be nice could this great nation

Be ruled in every postal station

Such mighty stratagems as are asked by all the congressmen.

But 't would better satisfy us

If the government would buy us

say every hundred years or so, a new postoffice pen.

—New York Sun.

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